

THE

1489. d. 46.

GREATEST STATESMAN

AND THE

HAPPIEST FAIR,

A

PASTORAL,

Humbly Inscribed to

The RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Lady *WALPOLE*.

By the Rev^d. GEORGE LUMLEY, of *Merton-College, Oxon.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by the Booksellers of
London and Westminster.

M. DCC. XXXVIII.

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REATA WALPOLE once the blithest of the Train,
Of PATRIOT STATESMEN in GOOD GEORGE'S
Reign,

Active and chearful, debonair and gay,
In BRITAIN'S WELFARE spent the live-long Day:
Nor Grief, nor Care, nor Love restrain'd his Rest,
Free were his Thoughts, and uncontroul'd his Breast,
'Till PEERLESS SKERRET did his Passion move,
And taught his careless Soul th' Effects of Love:
Chearful, ah! then no more, the STATESMAN was,
And all the NATION'S PATRIOTS mourn'd the Cause;
All strove t' impart a gladsome kind Relief,
Tho' all in vain they strove to sooth his Grief,

B

'Till

'Till HEAV'N propitious to this HAPPY ISLE,
 Requir'd the FAIR upon her SLAVE to smile;
 For GODS BENIGN did lead HIM to the Grove,
 Where sat th' *enchanting Object* of his Love;
 And whilst HE sigh'd *soft Accents* from his Breast,
 The GLOWING FAIR her *tender Flame* confest.

WALPOLE.

What pensive Thoughts induce you, BEATEOUS FAIR,
 To court this Grove, so form'd for wasting Care;
 Since Nature all is chearful now and gay,
 Why fits my FAIREST here the live-long Day?

SKERRET.

No roving Thoughts my Mind sedate employ,
 This rural Bower, and this Grot's my Joy.

WALPOLE.

What Pleasure can this dull Retirement yield,
 Compar'd to all the Beauties of the Field,
 Where verdant Prospects meet our wand'ring Eyes,
 And growing Charms from all the Plains arise?

SKER-

SKERRET.

My Fancy led me to this lonely Shade,
 For peaceful Thought, and Contemplation made;
 Where from the Hurry of the Town retir'd,
 By None I'm envied, as by None admir'd.

WALPOLE.

Could I but say, I only did admire?
 But--oh!--what am'rous Thoughts your Charms inspire!
 And will you be so cruel as you're fair?
 And let YOUR LOVER languish and despair:
 You needs must be to Tenderness inclin'd,
 Your very Eyes relent, and speak you kind;
 Pray, let us then improve the fleeting Day,
 Indulge a *love-sick Heart*, and come away.

SKERRET.

With you to view the *Spring* I'm half inclin'd,
 Your Tongue so moving, so sublime your Mind;
 But---what strange Thoughts will seize the *envious Tribe*,
 If I with you to wander have the Pride?

WAL-

WALPOLE.

Shall we regard the Censures of the Throng,
 No:--Scorn them all, MY DEAREST, come along:
 Envy superior Virtue will pursue,
 But Virtue's Pow'r can Envy's Rage subdue.

Then Hand in Hand they walk'd along the Shade,
 A winding Path their easy Steps convey'd;
 When casting o'er the opening Lawn her Eye,
 The PLEASED FAIR ONE thus express'd her Joy.

SKERRET.

Ah Me! what lovely Charms adorn the Green,
 So sweet a Prospect, sure, was never seen;
 Whilst all the feather'd Choir with Transport sing,
 And greet with tuneful Notes the welcome Spring.

WALPOLE.

All Things more beautiful than before appear,
 And five new Graces, now MY CHARMER's here.

SKERRET.

No Signs of Rain, or dark'ning Storms are seen,
 Calm is the Morning, and the Sky serene:

No

No Clouds, no Wind, but a soft *Southern Breeze*,
That with calm Murmurs fans the way'ring Trees.

WALPOLE.

Since all, MY FAIR, enjoys such quiet Rest,
Pity the Tumults of YOUR LOVER's Breast:
What Pains I undergo, what Torments bear,
I'm sure you can't without Compassion hear?
For is to love a Crime?---ah! blame not me;---
Accuse your Charms,---but set YOUR LOVER free.
Let, DEAREST FAIR! my Pains your Pity move,
And, if you can, retaliate my Love;
If not,---ah!--- had I never seen that Face,
Those lovely Features, that enchanting Grace?

SKERRET:

Your Words persuade me that your Love is true,
But should it not,---pray then what must I do?
I comfortless must wander thro' my Grove,
And sigh, and mourn, and droop my hapless Love.

WALPOLE.

And does Compassion move my FAIR ONE's Breast?
Oh Joy!---oh Extasy!---oh how I'm blest!

C

All

All anxious Jealousy, MY DEAR, remove,
 Fix'd is my Heart, and boundless is my Love;
 Convinc'd I'm faithful by succeeding Years,
 You'll with a Smile reflect on your vain Fears,
 Oh! may my fav'rite Friends my Life betray,
 And leave me to my Foes an helpless Prey;
 Sooner than you, the Auth'rs of my Pain,
 Of me a FAITHLESS LOVER should complain.

SKERRET.

Had not I been inclin'd to think you true,
 Should not thus have wander'd here with you?
 But still I fear'd,--tho' now no longer I,
 With such vain Fears will interrupt my Joy.

Thus each consenting, they in *Marriage Bands*,
 Did jointly pledge their *willing Hearts* and *Hands*;
 The KING, the NOBLES, COMMONS, ALL approve
 Their HAPPY NUPTIALS, and their HEAV'N-BORN LOVE.

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